ERNEST H. HEINRICHS.

(WRITTEN FOR THE DISPATOR. :



ERVINA was a Queen over a mighty country. She was one of the most beautiful withal she was exceptionally proud and haughty. Many of the handsome young courtiers of her dominion had prayed her to elevate them to the position of her husband, but Servina always said that a queen was have to bathe himself in a bath of mercury have to bathe himself in a bath of mercury cause all the kings living just then were already married.

Thus sffairs went on; and although the courtiers continued to show their unswerving love and devotion to the Queen, she never encouraged any of them.

One day, it was about the middle of winter, the country was covered with a deep, soft carpet of snow, and the lakes as well as rivers were frozen over with a strong covering of ice, Servina announced to her court that she intended to hold a great skating festival and tournament on the ice in the park lake behind her castle. Everyone was delighted with such an announcement, and preparations for a magnificent day of entertainment on the ice were at once comme When the day at last arrived everything was in the grandest perfection of completeness. The day was clear and the lake was as smooth as glass. It was in the afternoon when Servina and her attendants arrived, and from that moment the fete began. The Queen at once entered into the frolicking



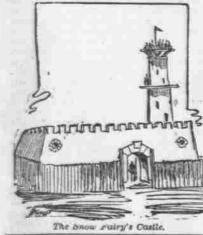


Alfonso Starts for the North Pole. enjoyment with a rim, and when the sun sank behind the hills and the ever-growing shadows indicated rapidly approaching darkness, Servina became vexed that she was to go home already. Suddenly an idea

seem to have struck her.
"General," she said turning around to one of her attendants, "go at once to the prison in the city and bring all the convicts out here. Let each one carry a flaming torch in his hand and have all the prisoners stand along the banks of the lake. I do not want to go home yet and if we have these convicts around here as light bearers I shall be able to see and the fun can last for

The general went to execute her order, although he thought the queen was very heartless to have these men stand around the lake in this bitter cold weather. Several other people thought so too, when they heard what the Queen intended to do, but none dared to interfere with her. When the poor miserable convicts came they were put around the entire lake and ordered to stand as silent and still as lampposts. The consequence was that they shivered and froze until the very marrow in their bones had nearly turned into ice. But the Queen did not mind that as long as she enjoyed herself. What was it to her, that one after another the prisoners fell beneath their flaming torches, frozen to death. She never stopped enjoying herself, wrapped up in warm ermine furs and cloaks until even the last convict had been killed from the Then she gave orders to go

But just at the moment as she was about to step off the ice behold! a roaring, thun-dering noise reverberated through the air,



and in another second an apparition apbefore Servina and her astonished

courtiers and friends. Servina, woman, queen!" the vision shouted, "this day has shown you to have no heart, no feeling, nor the least of human Why should you sacrifice the ment? Know then, that I am the Fairy of Snow at d Ice. I bring the snow from the heavens to cover busy nature beneath a bed of needful repose. I hide the flowers' roots under my soft, white bed to rest and also. under my soft, white bed to rest and sleep until the spring. I cover the rivers and lakes with ice to give peace and quiet to the inhabitants of the water; but never did I want to kill anyone with ice and snow. But as you in your passionate desire have sacrificed a hundred lives to death in ice and snow I will punish you as you deserve. Be hen in the future a 'Queen of Snow!

"No more had the vision said this when Servina's form changed into snow, and while she looked like a woman she nevertheless had lost all her former beauty and attractiveness during this tran True, she could speak and walk, but her voice sounded cold and harsh, while her walk was clumsy and very undignified. The courtiers flew from her as if she were a viper, and soon she was almost entirely

Only Alfonso, the true and brave, her most devoted admirer, remained with her, and he tried to console her. "If you had been turned into a suow

mountain I would not forsake or leave you," he said, "and I will see what can be done to move the severity of this snow fairy

to revoke her sentence."
"Ah! I am indeed very sorry," said Servina, "I never thought I was doing so very wrong in letting those prisoners freeze to death. What is the difference whether they die in their dungeons or in the open air, it i the same is it not?"

"Well, this is no time for arguing that point," said Alfonso; "let me say goodby and I will go to a wise witch, whom I know; perhaps she will be able to help you and oring back your former self."

"Go, Alionso, and believe me, I promise you that I will marry you and make you my king if you are successful. I will also make a vow that in the future, meekness, humbleness and kindheartedness shall be my queenly characteristics." Thus said Serving and than the successful has Servina, and then the young man bid her farewell. He immediately went to a wise witch,

who was renowned and famous all over that I knew they had succeeded, but I was country for her cleverness, and told her of not apprised of the day or hour of women of her time, but the occurrence.

"What am I to do to find this anow"What am I to do to find this anow"Tall me

only to be married to a king. This, how-ever, everyone knew to be impossible, be-the coldest climate. "When you have done that," continued the witch, "take this swan and ride on it to the land of Alcandors, which is a country immediately sarround-



The Snow Fairy Grants Alfonso's Request, ing the North Pole. There the snow fairy lives. But mind you get to the country by yourself, only accompanied by this swan, who will fly with you through the air until you get there. Take no food either, nor any weapons, because the people of Alcandora detest weapons. Now go, and make haste!"

met he asked where the snow sairy lived.
"Her castle is on the North Pole," the man replied, "but hurry and get there be-fore it gets dark, because she intends to make a trip to Russia to-night, where she has to deliver a load of snow every 24

Alfonso hurried, and he just got to the fairy's castle as she came out of a secondstory window sitting on a great big snow cloud and evidently ready for her journey. The young man told the fairy that he bad come from Queen Seroins with the message that she was indeed very sorry for having angered her, and that she was prepared to make any reparation required for her wrong doing, provided the fairy would change her again from her form of a snow queen. The fairy realized at once that this young

man must be very devoted to Servina to have undertaken such a perilous journey for her sake, and therefore she replied: "Young man, I admire your devotion, and for your sake I will forgive Servina on the condition that she goes to the grave of everyone of those dead convicts and kisses

each one on the forehead."
Alfonso was delighted. He thanked the fairy, remounted his fleet swan and flew back to the Queen Servina, who impatiently waited for him. When he returned the Queen was still in the shape of a snow woman. He at once told her what the snow fairy had said, and Servina expressed her willingness to comply with the command. The hundred corpses of the hundred convicts were brought before her and she stooped down and kissed every one on the forehead. To everybody's astonishment each corpse at once became alive again as soon as she kissed the cold brow, and when she had kissed the last convict's corpse, behold the snow melted from her form and face and Servina was again as

beautiful as ever.

She was greatly rejoiced and so was Alhusband and king. This, of course, made the other courtiers mad, that they had not gone to the North Pole. But it was too late now, because Alfonso had carried off the

NOT FOR HIS OWN BENEFIT.

An Old Yankee Willing to Sign the Pledge, But Not to Leep It.

New England Magazine.1 Major John was a stalwart, ruddy, middle-aged gentleman, fond of good clothes die-aged gentieman, fond of good clothes and good cheer. He had the habit of going in all things and stop at nothing which will into the village tavern about 11 o'clock in advance the cause. That all your acts will full dress and taking his repast alone in great dignity, with something to drink as well as eat. One morning, somewhere near 1830, the parson, who was about on a temperance mission, found him at table, sur-rounded by his viands. "Major John," he said, "I wish you

would sign this temperance pledge, not of course because you need it, but for the benefit of the rising generation, you know."
"Certainly, parson," said Major John.
"Bring me a pen, landlord."

So the Major wrote his name in a bold hand; and the parson went his way rejoicing for the new sheep in the temperance fold. But the very next week the parson, in that very same tavern, found Major John at the very same table, taking his breakfast, and

with not one bottle less."

"Why, Major," he cried, "you signed the temperance pledge last week."

"So I did, parson," says Major John; "but then I did it, you know, for the benefit of the rising generation."

A Canine Tourist.

Baltimore Sun. 3 In the course of a hearing yesterday in the case of a child bitten by a dog, Judge Stewart said: "The power possessed by dogs of finding their way back home is remarkable. I remember reading of a dog which was sent from Scotland to a man in Patapaco compassion. Why should you sacrifice the lives of these poor people by having them freeze to death, while you revel in enjoy-



Mr. Bilnap (disappearing)-B'goshl even th' sign painters lie in this peaky taown .-

A NIHILIST SESSION

Ivan Smirnoff, a Former Siberian Exile, Describes His Initiation.

ADMINISTERING THE IRON OATH.

The Obligations of a Member of the Dreaded Organization.

HOW A SECRET MEETING IS CONDUCTED

(WRITTEN FOR THE DISPATCH.) The evening of which I am about to speak was in the middle of the '70's. I had then just returned after a few years of forced sojourn amid the snows of the bitter North, not because I was a Nihilist (as indeed I was not at that time), but simply that I had been known to associate with suspected Nihilists. An example of Russian justice. I felt that I had already suffered sufficient for the cause to identify myself with it. I therefore applied for membership. Two friends interested themselves to obtain my wish for me. my initiation. It was an evening in midwinter, with the snow knee deep on the ground, and the feathery finkes still falling thick and fast. The oppressive stillness which always accompanies a snow storm, added to the gloom of the scene, and as I stood looking out on the prospect all the sad events of my very sad lite fitted in silent array before me. I wondered if my friends in the far North ever paused to think friends in the far North ever paused to think of the poor exile who had passed some of the best years of his life in their midst. How well I remember the long winter nights (indeed it was nearly all night, only four hours daylight) in which the Ispravnik's pretty daughter Dariye and I renewed new pledges of undying affection, when a sudden summons from Petersburg ordered my immediate return, and our dream of happiness was rudely shattered. I promised to return, but now other ties claimed my attention, and I was fated never again to see my pretty snow-

was fated never again to see my pretty snowbird-the Ispravnik's daughter. The sound of bells was wafted through the thickly falling snow, and my medita-tions were suddenly interrupted by the stopping of a small sleigh in front of the stopping of a small sleigh in front of the house. It was driven troiks fashion, and the pretty arch over the horses' heads was visible through the gloom. The two friends of whom I previously spoke, jumped out, and entering the house, informed me that I must hurry on my great coat, as they had come to conduct me to a meeting of the circle, meaning the Nihillists. As I was notting on my coat a mask was anddenly The young man at once took the bath in the mercury and he found afterward that he was covered with a skin of that peculiar metal, which prevented any penetration of the frost. Then he jumped on the swan's neck and flew northward. In due time he arrived in Alcandora and the first man has met he arrived in Alcandora and the first man has met he arrived in Alcandora and the first man has met he arrived in Alcandora and the first man has met he arrived in Alcandora and the first man has met he arrived in Alcandora and the first man has a local content of the Nibilists. As I was putting on my coat, a mask was suddenly thrown over my face, plunging me into midnight darkness. I was conducted to the sleigh, and then began a drive, which I thought was driven through the same streets twice and across the iron bridges which snan the the lips of my companions during the mem-orable journey. At length we arrived at the place of meeting, situated in the Vasi-lewski Ostroff. I must here digress to say that many of the names which I use are fictitious, others are so well known to the world that there is no necessity to give other

than their own name. THE IRON OATH.

The meeting was held at the house of Madam Ann Popoff. Still blindfolded I was led into the room where the members of the circle were assembled. I was as yet ignor-ant of my surroundings, when a loud voice from a distant part of the room addressed me in the following language (I afterward heard it was the Chairman):

We, the members of Narodnia Volia (people's wiil), ask you on your honor if you are aware of all you have to endure by associating yourself with our cause, cold, hunger, contempt, derison, hatred, insults, nay! even a fearful death. In case of your arrest have you courage to bear the tortures the Government may inflict for the purpose of forcing you to reveal the secrets of purpose of forcing you to reveal the secrets of the Brot perhood? Are you ready and willing the Brot herhood? Are you ready and willing to sacrifice your life for the cause if necessity demands it? Think well, and, if your courage fails you, there is yet time to retract, and we will take you back from whence you came; but if you feel you can wholly submit to our conditions we will require you to take the Nihilistic or Iron Oath. At the same time, I warn you that the obligations of the Brotherhood are heavy indeed, and it requires strong determination allied to an indomitable will to fulfill them to the letter.

Up to this time I had not spoken. I was pondering deeply on all I had heard. The Chairman, possibly mistaking my silence for cowardice, again addressed me, saying: "Now, for the last time, in the name of your country and all you hold dear, are you ready and willing to assume these obliga-tions?" I was somewhat awed by the sol-emnity of the occasion, but I found strength to say in a clear, distinct voice, I am ready, and determined to take upon myself all re-sponsibilities mentioned, and become a member of the secret order of Nihilists. The chairman again spoke: "Brethren, if any person present has any objection to in-terpose against this man becoming a mem-ber of this band, let him or her state them or forever after hold their peace." No dis-senting voice being raised, he ordered the removal of the mask.

I was then told to face the assembly and hear the Nihilistic or iron oath adminis-tered to me. This oath is most binding in its obligations to perform all things allotted to you, even to taking life itself. You are be guided by the greatest secrecy. At the conclusion you are made to swear that you regard yourself as the sworn foe of the Des potic Czar and his Government, and that you will use every means within your power to compass their destruction. There was something so uncanny, or weird about the whole affair that it left a deep and lasting impression on my mind. The dimly lighted room; the awed but eager faces which sur-rounded me, I can never banish from my memory. In my later and more nature years I look back shudderingly, and realize how recklessly I offered my own life to sacrifice, and how willingly swore to take the lives of others if an imaginary necessity demanded it. It was not until I had taken the oath that I learned how mixed was the assembly which had witnessed my renuncia-

A COMMON CAUSE. There sitting together were officers of the army and navy, members of the Imperial Guard, Government officials of high rank, professors, students, gendarmes, merchants and a few peasants. A common cause made all equal, and a member of the Imperial Guard clasped the hand of his brother peasant. All class distinctions were for-gotten in the struggle for freedom.

Dr. Ursuroff, the President, was a hand-some man of perhaps 40 years, who had identified himself with the Nihilists for the last ten years. Madam Anne Popoff, in whose house the meeting was held, was the Vice President. She was afterward arrested as a suspect and died in prison.

Her history was particularly a sad one.

She had a beautiful daughter, Malanys, who at the age of 17 was arrested with a number of other students; she was of a delicate constitution, and the shock and concate constitution, and the shock and confinement brought on rapid consumption, and she soon joined the numberless victims gone before. The father died of a broken heart, and on his death-bed, begged his faithful wife to svenge their child's death by every means in her power. Possessing ample means she became a devoted Nihilist, and many were the plots arranged in her home under the very eyes of the police officers. There were also present several young ladies, students of a neighboring college, fair young girls just budding into womanhood, most of whom are now in exile, while others either succumbed to the long journey to liberty or died in prison. My heart is sad, indeed, when on taking a retrospect of the past, I see arrayed before me the faces of the noble men an womend who offered themthe noble men an womend who offered them selves a sacrifice on the altar of freedom. That evening I for the first time saw Sophie Perovskayr whose name will be handed down through all eternity. She had a noble face full of sublime enthusiasm,

but I seen learned she was a member of the Terrorist party, which up to that time I knew very little about. Her rapid and vehement utterance rather startled me at first, but I seen grew accustomed to her foreible denunciation of the Czar and his Government. I saw her once afterward, when the almost fatal act of displaying the preconcerted signal was assigned as her part in the fortheoming tragedy. When questioned in regard to her fear of consequences, she replied: "I know no fear; no greater honor than this could be conferred upon me. Poor Sophie Perovskayr, nobly born, gently nurtured, ended her life through the hangman's rope, and finds rest in a nameless grave. Her co-worker Jelaboff was also present, but it would occupy too much space to give individual histories.

THE INSIDE WORK. After we had spent some time in conversation, the Secretary motioned for silence; he dare not rap for fear of attracting attention from outside the house. Some of our people had lately joined the secret police for the purpose of learning what people and houses were suspected, and the President had received an intallible warning that we would have to be very careful. All eyes were turned to the Secretary, who proceeded to read cipher letters from the different provinces, which announced the number of arrests, and where arrested, the progress the cause was making, and an account of the work accomplished by agents of the society. The expenses for the past week were declared to be 785 roubles, while the contributions amount to 1,096 roubles. The balance in the treasury was stated to be about 20,000 roubles. It was apparently a large sum to After we had spent some time in conver roubles. It was apparently a large sum to have on hand, but they were reserving their funds for a special purpose. They intended increasing their field of operation. Madam Anne Ivanovna was ordered to the province Anne ivanovna was ordered to the province of Saratoff to take a position as teacher, and at the same time disseminate Nihilism. One of the high dignitaries of the Empire secured her the position. His name though well-known throughout the world I cannot mention here. He was aware of her object. Michael Isakoff was ordered to the shores of the river Volga there to labor among the Starovers, or Old Faith men. These people are hitterly opposed to men. These people are bitterly opposed to the Czar and his Government, and hesitate the Czar and his Government, and hesitate not to avenge the insults heaped on their forefathers. They are a powerful factor in the Empire, and have always allied themselves to the Nihilist cause. Isakoff being rich was expected to defray his own expenses. Next several names were proposed for membership, then a collection was taken up which amounted to 850 roubles, including 450 roubles sent by M. Philipoff, of the Riazan Province. The Chairman thanked Riazan Province. The Chairman thanked the members for the noble work they had performed, and encouraged them to further good deeds in the future; then, after bestowing on me my new name of Soukinsynoff (no Nihilist is known by his own name) declared the business part of the meeting concluded.

DISARMING SUSPICION.

Music is not apt to arouse suspicion, so we enjoyed some fine singing of Russian songs, and a piano solo. We indulged in tea, wine, and, as became good Russian subjects, cigarette smoking, varied by pleas-ant conversation on various subjects. About ant conversation on various subjects. About 11 P. M. the meeting was adjourned. The room selected for meeting in is invariably provided with a fireplace, in which all papers are destroyed before separating. This work usually falls to the Secretary's lot, so Madam Sophie Paulovna, the person filling that office, destroyed all the cipher letters and documents used during the evening. Thus was avery trace of our the evening. Thus was every trace of our secret assigned to the flames.

Our leave taking was made in hushed whisperings, and our departure conducted in the same stealthy manner in which our entrance had been effected. Two went first who reconnoitered the street outside, and at a prearranged signal given at a short distance from the house, two more ventured forth. In this way was the gradual dispersion of the assembly accomplished, and each one reached his home without having excited the suspicion of the police. On stormy nights such I have just described, particular caution was required, as many people on the street at once would lead to questioning and perhaps an investigation. We separated with hearts full of hope for the But of the m evening, three I never saw again. Sophie Perovskayr as previously told died in the hangman's hands. Jelaboff shared the same fate, while Elinkoff yielded up his life, from the effects of the same bomb which so cruelly killed his imperial master. Such is the life of the Nihilist in Russia. But as every cloud has a silver lining, we can only hope that the cloud will disappear and the silver lining make its presence felt across on which will be written the one word Free-IVAN SMIRNOFF.

SMELLING INSTEAD OF EATING.

A Woman Who Satisfies Her Appetite by Inhalling Odors. Detroit Free Press.; "Talking of people eating," said a robust looking woman yesterday, "did you know that a great many people take the most of their food through the nose?"

"What do you mean?" inquired her friend.

"Just this. I can satisfy my hunger at any time by merely inhaling the odors of cooking. The aroma of coffee, for instance,

sustains and exhilarates me. A beefsteak flavor is as satisfying as a full meal. Any cook will tell you that."
"Then why should people eat?" "They don't eat when they can get a full

meal of cooking odors. Thy is why tramps hang around the open doors of kitchens and restaurants. Did you never feast on the smell of warm gingerbread? I am very fond of candy, but I never eat it, as the substance does not agree with me. But I buy a box of it every week, and when I feel candy hungry I take the cover off and inhale the delicious flavors. The candy itself I give away to those who are not yet educated up to feeding through the olfactories."

The friend looked at her with amazement, but she only remarked sadly:
"What an awful thing it is erank.

A Christmas Carol. Listen: the bells in the steeples In jubilant gladness ring
To welcome the coming of Christmas
And the birthday of the King
Who was born in the lowly manger of
hem, long ago,
When the song of the herald angels
Was sung to the world below. Thou hast clad thyself in raiment

Of spotless white, O earth,
Like a bride on her marriage morning,
To celebrate Christ's birth.
O, were our lives as spotless,
Our hands unstained with sin,
And the latch of each heart were lifted
To let the Christ-Child in. Bring of thy pine and holly, O earth, this Christmas Day, And wreathe in their green the altar Whereon our gifts we lay; Gifts of most grateful homage Laid low at the feet of the King Who leans from His throne to lis To the sound of our worshiping Bring to the dear Lord's altar Fring to the dear Lord's altar
The soul's white flowers to-day.
Let the rose of thy love shed income
Sweet as the breath of May.
Let the his of faith eternal
Lift its cups of myrrh to Him
Whose love is the star that leads us
Through ways that are dark or dim. Through ways that are dark or dim.

O, garth, send back to Heaven
The grand and the glorious strain
That startled the wondering shepherds
On far Judea's plain.
Glory to God in the hignest,—
Sing it again and again,—
On earth be peace, on earth be peace,
Good will, good will to men.
—Eben B. Rezford in Ladies' Home Journal

Last night I heard a bird singing A plantive, pathetic strain.
As if in the strife of its tiny life
It had caught the note of pain;
And I said: "O world of sorrow,
Art thou with wrong so stirred,
That thy grief and woe in tears must flow
Through the song of a little bird" But this morning I heard the bird singing A jubilant song, and sweet, And every note from that swelling throat With happiness seemed replete; And I said: "O world of gladness, Though hast sunshine enough for all: Though the night hath fears, and sorrows tears,

A NOBLE PROFESSION.

Bessie Bramble Talks About Our Public School Teachers and

TAKES ISSUE WITH DR. McCOSH.

How Political Machine Methods Interfere With Education.

GIVING THE PAN-AMERICANS A SHOCK.

(WRITTEN FOR THE DISPATCH.) "There are some professions whose daily work tends to do good, to spread happiness or promote morality, and the teacher has the gratification of knowing that in his daily employment he is increasing the intelligence, and thereby augmenting the felicity of those who are under his instructions."

This sounds like one of the nice moral essays heard at the Teachers' Institutes, and mostly delivered by the brethren who propose to teach until they can be admitted to the bar, or go into politics, or the pulpit, or some more lucrative business. Other learned and garrulous men who, as a general thing, are crammed with conceit and classics are always-as they assert-profoundly impressed with the dignity and elevation of

the teacher's profession. They always claim for it a power for good, not even second to that of the pulpit, and a respect for it interior to none in the world. They glorify it as a calling of greatest honor and supremest importance, and noblest schievement. But, as is frequently noted, notwithstanding all of this high praise not to call it cantomast of praise—pot to call it cant—most of them get out of it at the earliest possible moment. Dr. McCosh however, whose words have been quoted, stuck to the business, and won fame and name and fortune, and now that he has retired from the more

avail themselves of the opportunity to follow out their natural bent, and give their best energies to a pursuit as congenial to them-selves and improving to others. But the fact is that men mainly take to teaching school in these days because it is a good stepping-stone to something else. It is a pursuit which, for them, requires—as the average director views it—no experience whatever. A man, green from a country college, or fresh from the bogs, who can secure good political indorsement, can, without question or protest, be elected to the position of principal in the public schools at a high salary, though

HE MAY KNOW NOTHING of the work and have neither natural ability to impart instruction nor faculty of management to make a school a success. Meragement to make a school a success. Merchants engaged in trade know the value of
experience. They insist upon that as essential in engaging their assistants. A woman
cannot get a place to sell ribbons and laces
and tapes unless she has had "experience."
Green hands are looked upon by business
men as a nuisance. They will not employ
such unless compelled by stress of necessity.
In all lines of employmentalmost competent In all lines of employmentalmost competent hands are demanded, and the valued and trusted assistants are those who know it all

by having climbed from the bettom.

But this business rule is oftentimes versed by the sapient, or rather sap-headed, school directors. They have no scruples about experience when it comes to the point about experience when it comes to the point of electing a callow college man, who may have perhaps some indications of a mus-tache, over women in the line of succession, who know more about the details and discipline of a school than he can master tn ten years. A case to point a moral comes to administration had been distinguished by success for years, was recently "dropped" to make a place for a book agent, this injustice being done merely at whim of the directors, or rather on the score of politics and per sonal favor. Such cases are not uncommon, and they

show that Dr. McCosh is not well posted as to the public schools, when he makes the assertion that "no doubt the teacher has not the same opportunities of earning money that merchants and lawyers and bankers have." But to counterbalance this, "he is in a more independent position than many others, and is not liable to the reverses, cul-minating, it may be, in poverty or bank-ruptcy, to which members of other higher positions are exposed." The knowledge of Dr. McCosh, as to teachers, is evidently confined to colleges and universities, where the professors are promoted, or pensioned, or die, but are never "dropped." When he offers as a compensation for the absence of chances for the teacher to make money, that he is in a more independent position than many others, he shows that he knows nothing of the toadving, and truckling, and subserviency that are needed to secure the favor of a Board of directors

RUN BY POLITICS. rather than by any consideration of the good of the school, and the efficiency of the

cal authority.
Dr. McCosh, by his own account, taught school for 37 years, and like most teachers who have an enthusiasm and taste for the business, he found his highest enjoy-ment in teaching and in seeing the good result of his labors in his pupils, but were it is not wonderful that those who payhe a principal or a teacher in some of the public schools he would find that his main work would be to "stand in" with the ward board so as to insure his yearly re-election. Enthusiasm, capacity, taste, and aptitude for the business are not important points as to teaching in these days. The teacher who has none of these qualities will draw the same salary as it he were in full possession not call yet the follows: not only of these, but of the fabled virtues of the gods. The inexperienced young man at the top will be given twice the pay of the able and efficient woman who has risen from the ranks and is distinguished for eminent

service. It cannot be denied that teaching holds out to men engaging in it such inducements as are offered to tyros in no other occupation or profession. A lawyer knows that he must climb a rugged road, and that not until he has made a reputation can he expect to reap large profits. The doctor knows he has to acquire skill and reach eminence before he can hope for farce and lat fees. But the conceited collegian who has luck, and who desires a chance to make a good living while he gets ready for something else, goes to teaching and gets as much salary as if he had been in the profession for 20 years. Such do not go into the work for the love of it, but for the eash and convenience, until their plans are ripe, and their way is made their plans are ripe, and their way clear for something they more highly es-teem, and more ardently desire than the great work Dr. McCosh so lauds and mag-nifies in his essay on the trials and triumphs of the teacher.

SHOCKING THE PAN-AMERICANS. When the Pan-Americans visited the great Michigan University at Ann Arbor they were vastly astonished to find the sys-tem of co-education in successful operation. It was rather a severe shock to their notions It was rather a severe shock to their notions of proper etiquette to find young men and young women receiving instruction together in all of the higher branches of education. They are said to be accustomed to the system of secluding girls in convents for instruction, where the object is not to teach them to think, or to entertain "views," or to develop their intellectual capacity, but rather to educate them in the old way of possibly a little general smattering of secular knowledge, a few fashionable accom-

plishments, and sufficient grounding in moral precepts and religious dogmas and doc-trines as will make them devout and devoted members of the church, and humble and

trines as will make them devout and devoted members of the church, and humble and obedient wives. But even this is only confined to the very few, for the majority of women in South America receive no school education whatever. Even in Brazil, of which we have heard so much of late, 84 per cent of the population are illiterates. As stated in a recent report, the number of illiterates reported in Venezuela was 90 per cent of the population.

But if the "Pan-Americans" were surprised at the exhibition of co-education in a great university where the old theories as to the education of women are daily disproved

great university where the old theories as to the education of women are daily disproved and exploded, they were stunned with "the most significant fact concerning the new civilization, as announced by President An-gell when he said that "the United States recognizes no sex in intellect." Among the new ideas with which the South American delegates were crammed during their junketing expedition around the country they doubtless have stowed away this section of the woman question. It is hardly to be wondered at that they had such desire to see and know the women of the country. With their recollection of the colossal mass of feminine ignorance at home, it would not be surprising if they connected the backward-ness of their countries in civilization with the fact that the education of their won was deplorably near to the line of the dark

ages.

But if, as the President of Ann Arbor stated, the "United States recognizes no sex in intellect," it certainly does in education, the Department of the average since even in Pennsylvania the average salary of men teachers is much higher than that of women doing the same work.

THE TEACHER'S SOCIAL BANK. One thing that Dr. McCosh deplores is that the teacher has not as high a social status allowed him as the other learned pro-fessions; but he is quite persuaded that the time is not far distant when the teachers of youth, lower and higher, will rank with the lower and higher grades of the ministers and lawyers.
But this is even now claimed by the wordy

orators at the "Institutes;" but the claim can hardly be sustained as a matter of practice. There is a sort of latent contempt in most men's minds for the pedagogues. Although they may be chock full of wisdom, top-heavy with learning and slopping over with profound ideas, their opinions are rarely asked as those having authority. The Chamber of Commerce, composed of practical business men, does not go to the schoolmasters for information, or confer with them on matters of importance, as the pagans of old held connect with their oracles. of importance, as the pagans of old held counsel with their oracles. Although cred-ited with being profound in philosophy, skillful in logic, masterly in argument and burdened with brains, yet they are not con-sulted in matters of great weight and mo-ment. The men who have risen from the ranks through sheer force of energy, enterprise and ambition to places of power have little respect for those who pled along have little respect for those who plod along taking everybody's dust on the highway of life. Still the good doctor thinks the teach-ers may reach the social position they should have, considering the importance of their work, if they behave themselves, and urges that "success in this commendable enter-prise will depend upon their gentlemanlike and ladylike bearing." This would seem to be rather a reflection upon the manners of the teachers, but spoken by an eminent and distinguished one of their craft it should re-

ceive careful consideration.

But the good doctor does not hit the point But the good doctor does not hit the point as well as he might. The teachers, as a class, do not take pride in their profession. Men teach until they can find something else that will pay better—women, in the main, for the same reason. Not many find in it their highest enjoyment, and the best development of their talents. Only the rare few feel that in teaching they are doing the highest good of which they are capable. To them it is pleasure, enjoyment, real happiness to form the tender mind, to inculcate good principles, to implant noble thoughts, to cultivate truth, honesty and worthy ambition. bition.

EFFECTS OF THE MACHINE.

Such teachers deserve to receive the greatest honors, the highest pay, and all that goes to show real appreciation of true merit. But by "the machine" they are all leveled down. The bright, able enthusiastic down. The bright, able enthusiastic teacher ranks with the dull, stupid creature who has hardly two ideas to rattle together in her head, and whose sole ambition is to get married and get out of the business. So little are good teachers appreciated by some of the school boards of Pittsburg that if Dr. McCosh bimself were a teacher in the schools they control he would be "fired" at the next election in favor of some puddingflooence" of the pothouse politicians.

That some radical reform is needed in this

matter cannot be denied. It is true that in some of the wards the local boards are composed of intelligent men, who can be trusted to elect teachers of high character and eminent ability, but in others teachers of such low order of intellect and limited capacity and deficiency of manners are placed in position as drag down the standing of the whole profession. Until something is done to take the power of election out of the hands and votes of ignorant and unscrupu-lous men the status of the teachers of the people will go lower rather than higher as Dr. McCosh predicts. Until teaching can be made something better than a makeshift for the many, and something beyond a perquisite to be peddled around by ward bosses, the dignity and elevation talk of the progood of the school, and the efficiency of the teacher. When he talks of the teachers not being subject to reverses, as are those in other pursuits, he did not consider such institutions as the Lawrence Bank where the little savings of some teachers were deposited for the rainy day of which they are in constant jeopardy owing to the unreliability of many school directors, and the mutations of politics, and the trickeries of those in political authority.

Dr. McCosh, by his own account, taught fession will be only cant rather than truth. It may be said, moreover, that while some of the gachers of Pittsburg are worth a nunded times their present salaries in money, and exert more influence for real good than any of the pulpits, yet there are not a few whose worthlessness is monstrously overpaid at the lowest figures—who are indeed, not worth their salt—and whose incapacity is endless labor-saving for the devil. If the worth and virtues of the former could be recognized by increased fession will be only cant rather than truth the former could be recognized by increase salaries without putting a premium on incompetency, no voice could be raised against a large advance, but when it means promoting stupidity and rewarding incapa kick. As according to the present machine methods the profession instead of being ele-vated is rather degraded, the excellent, the worthy, the most talented taking rank in many cases with the incompetent and unfaithful. If some remedy for this manifes injustice cannot be devised the teacher will fall short of the honors claimed for him by Dr. McCosh for many years to come.

BESSIE BRAMBLE.

Not Bound for the Stars.

Savannah News.] The steamer City of Jacksonville, of the St. John's river service, got into a dense fog while on her way down the river the other night. A traveling tourist, anxious to go ahead, went up to Captain Shaw, who was at the wheel, and asked him why they was at the wheel, and asked him why they had stopped. "Too much fog; can't see the river," replied the precautious captain. "But," said the tourist, "you can see the stars overhead." "Yes," said the captain, "but until the boiler bursts, we are not going that way." The passenger went to bed.

In Far Cathar. It daily meets my dreamy eyes,
That old world scone by farther seas,
And all unchanged; the water sighs
Still in that bay, and still the breeze
Sings low, sweet songs amid the trees.

Here stands a house-quaint, shadowed o'er By clust'ring branches; wavelets fill The river whisp'ring near the door; That white path meets the threshold still, And birds chirp love with bill to bill. That rude old bridge still spans the stream

The passers few are passing yet;
The boat is there—it doth mescem
The sailors sleep—mayhap forget—
For ne'er was sail since furled or set. The bay spreads out—clear, placid, bright-A summer sea fringed round with green Afar some isle, maybap, in sight Bising from out its breast is seen, And houses mirror in its aheen.

And all is still-nor voice, nor song, Comes the enjoyment to abate
Of that fair acces—fair, though a wrong
It tells—(of lovers—father's hate)—
Upon a willow pattern plata.
—H. Sutton Pricelle, in Detroit Pres Press.

THE FIRESIDE SPHINX

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J. H. FEZANDIE.

1117-

840-ONE HUNDRED AGES TO GUESS. What is the foreigner's age? The criminal's age?
The age of the gray-headed sinner? The inn-keeper's age? The cow-catcher's age?

中

And the age of the man at his dinner? What's the tanner's age? The peddler's age? The age of the wealthy plumber? (2) The wood-dealer's age?
The coal-dealer's age?
The age of the frisky drummer?

The cabinan's are?
His age who wields the plough?
The clothier's age?
The truckman's age? (3)
His age who loves a row? What's the servant's age?

What's the coachman's age?

The overseer's age?
What the age of the collector? (2)
The butcher's age? (2)
The storekeeper's age,
And the age of a protector? What's the poor man's age, The worshiper's age, The age of a man at prayer?

The profane man's age, The drinking man's age, The age of a man on a tear What's the traveler's age, (2) what's the traveler's ago, (2)
The brakeman's ago,
And what the age of the preacher?
The weighmaster's ago,
The sovereign's age,
And what the age of the teacher?

What's the age of man, The sge of woman,
And what's the age of the lover? (3)
The widow's age,
The infant's age,
Of the man that's half-seas over?

What's the age of a son,
The age of a daughter,
Of the man that's older than you?
The deadhead's age,
The Congressman's age,
The age of the letter "S. Q. ?"

What's the prodigal's age,
The acrobat's age,
The age of an under-sized fellow?
The locksmith's age,
The turnkey's age,
And what was the age of Othello?

What's the vagrant's age, The emigrant's age. The age of the sailor at sea? The soldier's age, (2) The hunter's age, And what's the age of a tree? (2)

What's the miller's age,
The prophet's age,
The sge of the barbarian?
The farmer's age, (2)
The cashier's age,
And the age of the herbarian? What's the doctor's age,

The scoffer's age,

Ris age who meets his girl?

And what's the dupe's age

The nobleman's age, 72. The man's age two points from an earl? What was the age of "Uncle Tom?"
The age of "Burke of Ours?"
The age of an English poet? (2)
And the age that notes the hours?

And what is the age of the flannel shirt? Of the man who's back on his rent? The age of a country parso Of the man on plunder in

And what is the age we live in? (2)
The age of the mathematician?
And what is the age of the cloth maker?
And the age of the loud musician?

80. What's the age of the fleeing Irishman?
80. His age when brought to a hair?
87. The area of the fleeing Irishman? His age when brought to a halt? The age of the story-teller? And of the fermenter of malt?

89. What is the age of the man that is mean?
90. The age of the dealer in wine? (3)
91. Of the man that's got the best of it?
92. And the age of the grunting swine?

98. What's the age of the man who has dined?
94. And the age of a man depressed?
85. And what's the age of the darkey?
86. And of him not come to be depressed. And the age of a man depressed? And what's the age of the darkey? And of him not so dark as the rest? 97. What's the age of the telegraph boy?
98. Of the man completely "strapped?"
99. Of woman before she's married?
100. And the age of him who rapped?
DROMIO,

841-ENIGMA. A species of quadruped, brown, white or gray, Or black—perhaps other hues—total will say. By ladies 'tis used, to give them an air Of having abundant, luxuriant hair, Or a printer, who works at less toan the others, is termed a complete by the regular brothers.

BITTER SWEET.

842-DOUBLE ACROSTIC. To begin again.
 A dish of stewed meat,
 One of the chief divisions of a poem of some ength.
 A Cracked with cold.
 Primats.—A large mass of stony material. Primals.—A large mass of stony material, Finals.—An idol formed of wood. Combined.—Liquiform asbestos.

DICK C.

843-DOUBLE LETTER ENIGMA. In "pence makes pounds;" In "dollars" round; In "sue" and see; In "prides" abound,

A primal is an object meet, Oft filled with gleaming gold, Unless the owner is complete, Last of his wealth untold. 844-CHARADE

A first is now before you, fast,
Piain as can be—nothing last;
Perhaps you're total, though, and see
No first in place where it should be. ANSWERS.

ANSWERS.

833—1. Ate, bate, cate, date, fate, gate, hate, Kate, late, mate, Nate, pate, rate, sate. 2. Bill, dill, fill, gill, bill. Jill, kill, mill, pill, rill, sill, till, will. 3. Baue, cane, Dane, fane, Jane, Kane, lane, mane, pane, sane, vaue, wane.

833—1. Dee, don.

834—Sixteen miles ;an hour. The distance B C being twice the distance A B, the distance C C' will be twice the distance A A'. Now, this distance A A' represents the rate of speed of the vessel A less the speed of the passenger on board of A, that is to say 11-3, or eight miles an hour, and twice this, or 15 miles an hour, will be the rate of speed of the vessel C.

835—Day-star.

836—Stumbled, tumbled, 'umbled, bled, led, Ed.

337-1. Murat Halstead. 2. Secretary Windom. 3. Thomas De Witt Talmage. 4. Joseph Benson Foraker. 6. James Gillespie Blaine. 838—The mouth, with tongue and teeth.



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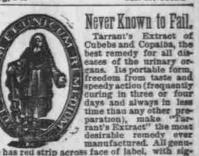
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